

Cold Case

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Cold Case

by [Bestbuds55](#)

Summary

Will just wants to teach and work on cold cases in peace, but Jack won't let him be. What worse is in attempt to introduce Will to a psychiatrist, Jack brings Hannibal Lecter to him. And the man is touchy and feely in a way Will isn't prepared for.

Notes

Author's Note: This one was extremely fun to write. It's on the lighter note and I think chapter 2 and 3 will even be quite funny. I hope everyone enjoys 😊

Chapter 1

Will can't help but think that it should be obvious what he is interested in. He wrote paper after paper on the latent decomposition of different bugs, studied the deteriorating psyche of an anger filed secret and preferred his quiet files to ever talking to someone. Will Graham was a big fan of working cold cases. He's even currently working on a paper about the phenomenon of a long destroyed sense of humanity that occurs in serial killers. Aka the person suit.

Some people thought him odd and some of his students seemed to idealize his life. It really didn't matter to Will Graham what people thought of him, but he really wished he'd stop getting sent conference and award ceremony invitations. He had better things to do then sit in a room with a bunch of stuffy suited professionals that thought his preferred profession a waste of time. Cold cases are important. People don't just forget friend or family because it's been years. Everyone who thinks differently is an embarrassment of a human being.

Jack cares little for what Will prefers or even what department he actually works in. He harasses Will until he caves and then drags him into a field of fresh victims. And then that followed with him demanding Will start talking to someone professionally.

Jack even went as far to physically drag Will into a meeting with one Dr. Hannibal Lecter. Will attempted to remain professional for about a minute and a half, which was notably way longer then the doctor himself did. It was unbelievable the level of insanity Will had to deal with on the daily basis.

As soon as Will entered the office with the two already seated men, the Doctor's eyes were trying to catch Will's. When he could not, the man instead takes his time to look down slowly over Will's body. Even Jack's booming conversation teeters off when he sees it happen. Will shivers from the attention and tenses. He can feel a new game forming in his mind and Will did love a good game.

"It is wonderful to meet you William, our good Jack here has said that you don't feel comfortable in a psychiatrist office so as an alternative I will offer to make you a meal." Dr. Lecter starts right away. His voice is notably European, though Will doesn't know from where. He's attractive, and his voice is sexy, but Will was sure he could remain unaffected by this.

"That hardly seems professional." Will jokes, glancing over at Hannibal's face and snapping away when he still has 100 percent of the man's attention. Dr. Lecter seems only more interest now that he's had a glimpse of Will's eyes. So much so that Will is half sure that the man forgets to even blink. There's a shimmer that Dr. Lecter is not what he seems to be, much like Will's latest article of the well built psyche of practiced serial killers. How interesting.

"I assure you there will be nothing professional about it." Hannibal answer with a twinkle in his eye, turning to Jack to speak next. "As I am afraid that I simply can not be Will's Doctor. It would not be responsible of me."

Jack sputters so much that Will laughs. It might give Hannibal the wrong message though, because he looks positively delighted. "Dr. Lecter! I brought you here because of Will's mental health. You said you would try and help Will." Jack dares to try and complain.

Hannibal smiles at Jack and then looks back over and winks at Will. "That was before Will ended up being the most beautiful man I have ever met. I'm afraid even if we do not pursue a relationship, I will not be able to focus solidly on his mind."

This man is the most flirtatious creature that Will has ever met. It's frustrating hard not to smile at him. Will hadn't dated in years, perfectly content with living a life alone, surrounded by dogs. He has only three at the moment, but is always open to picking up another stray. The last year has been hard, as two of his seniors passed away within days of one another.

"Well that's the most elegant way I've ever heard someone tell me I have a nice ass. Jack, Dr. Lecter, I have a class to teach as fun as this has been." Will attempts to leave the room, but Hannibal springs out of his seat after him. It's just a single moment, but Will feels like he's a hunted animal with how fast the man leaps after him.

It's almost against Jack's office door that Will get caught, wrist captured in a strong grip. Jack has buried his head in his hands and seems not to be paying attention. Will dislikes that man more with every passing opportunity. He can't wait to not be working with him anymore. To see him in such a dissatisfied disarray is slightly hilarious.

"Dr. Lecter." Will says when the Doctor doesn't let him go. "I'm going to be late for my class." There's pause where he looks at the almost desperate man. Hannibal seems to think if Will walks out the door then they will never see each other again. He can practically see the obvious obsession setting into the other man's skin. It's maddening how much Will likes it.

The grip on Will's wrist tightens painful for a moment and then let's go entirely. Dr. Lecter looks a bit defeated. Will knows that it's his empathy that makes him feel bad, but also doesn't think that the man in front of him is anything but a gentleman. He'd give Hannibal his cellphone number if he thought that the man had one. It's 2012, most people are starting to have one to be fair, but Hannibal looks like the kind of man who would dislike the ability to be tracked or simply messaged. Will only has one because he works for the FBI and it's recommended. Hannibal is a psychiatrist so he might actually have one.

"How long is your class, I would like to continue our discussion." Hannibal states, reaching forward to move a curl away from being in Will eye. It springs right back to where it wanted to be, and Hannibal looks positively charmed by it. Will is mostly annoyed, because most human beings know not to touch someone else's hair without permission.

"The discussion of you liking my ass?" Will asks automatically and then grimaces afterwards. He's giving in fair to easy to this man's flirting and it's beginning to worry him. It's because Hannibal is so charmingly handsome. Will can just picture that hairy chest he's hiding too.

Hannibal takes a moment to open the door for him and then without even saying anything to Jack, leaves with Will, guiding hand pushing him forward. He's not smiling in the moment, seeming to know that their time has come to an end. Will likes his silent suffering. Hannibal politely closes the door behind them before descending on Will once more.

"I believe I called you beautiful, but yes. You have a lovely ass." Hannibal Lecter says before bringing the hand already on Will back farther down to smooth over the spoke part of Will's body. Will knows it is coming and that's the only thing that ensures he doesn't jump.

He does the only thing he can think of in retaliation, Will swats Hannibal in the chest like some kind of offended southern maiden. The man doesn't back away but he does laugh and hold his hands up in front of him like he's asking not to be shot. Will thinks about ramming the heel of his foot down onto Hannibal's toes, but it feels a bit mean. He refrains.

"I hardly know you Dr. Lecter, and would like you to not touch me so much." Will grumpily sniffs. It's not rude to not want to be touched by a stranger, even if he's technically his boss introduced them. This flirtation suddenly feels too dangerous for him to continue.

"Hannibal please." The Doctor merely insists with a smile. He's unaffected by the way that Will bristles at him. Maybe it even endears him farther, giving that he's clearly some sort of psychopath.

"Don't touch me please, Hannibal." Will corrects with a snort. The sentence isn't threatening at all when he has a smile pasted upon his lips. Will knows he has to leave before he does something truly stupid, like punch this perfect faced man, or pull him in for a kiss.

"I fear I must bring up the want to make you dinner once more William. You were distracted away by Jack in his office, but now we can plan a date, time and sort out addresses." Hannibal looks so sure of himself. Will has absolutely no intention of going to this man's house or being served dinner by him.

"Sorry Hannibal I'm not one to enjoy fancy dinners." Will answers simply, grin dropping for the more mundane conversation. There is no way Will is going to this man's house. Will can practically smell that he is dangerous.

Hannibal looks flabbergasted that Will is clearly trying to reject him, like he never even considered that a possibility. Which is both hilarious and kind of rude. "I really have to get to class, perhaps we can talk again some other time." Will's words are fair kinder than they regularly are, but Hannibal already looked hurt that he wasn't going to be cooking them dinner.

Will leaves rather fast, maybe because he's half sure Hannibal would follow him given a few more seconds to recover. He doesn't plan on ever talking to and even running into the flirty psychiatrist ever again. Hannibal Lecter is too attractive and too elegant to really be interested in Will anyways. He can already hear the murmur of co-workers saying that he is much too good for Will.

That night when Will is finally home in his own bed, he touches himself while thinking about the strong grip Hannibal had. The way that he'd just grabbed him and expected to be able to change his mind. His hand had been large and warm, Will had been surprised to keep it together while being asked out.

Dr. Lecter had something off about him. Will wasn't exactly sure what it was yet, but the more he thought about it, those dark eyes and controlled eyes held something horrific just

behind them. If Will found his release while thinking about what it could possibly be, then no one would ever know but him.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

Author's note: Thank you for all the fun interest I've been getting for this story! I hope this chapter is slightly comedic to you ❤️

It's rather unfortunate that while Will had never even seen Hannibal Lecter before Jack decided to introduce them, in the next 2 weeks he has seen the man a minimum of different 6 times. Every time Will is sure that Hannibal saw him as well or maybe even smelled him. The man was beginning to become like a hound dog in his (definitely not?) stalking ways.

Working in the FBI, Will would have thought that other people noticed or cared about the situation more. No one at all seemed to care. Maybe that's why these people needed his help so often with solving murders. They were clearly blinded by a handsome smile. He should give an extra presentation to his students about situational surroundings and being aware of the line between friendship and stalking.

Hannibal brought lunch to Jack's entire team one day after claiming to have made entirely too much stew and rice for himself to properly eat. Will had already been annoyed that he was once again toiling away in the forensics lab when he had just been contacted about a cold case that a local department was reopening. He wanted to get a second pair of eyes on the files right away, but was instead spending the afternoon watching them dissect the urine track of a 76 year old woman to make sure she died of natural causes and not poison.

To be fair, the poor woman had had an aneurysm while deep frying something at the stove. Will was sure she'd died horribly, as her skin had cooked and caught on fire, essentially burning down the house with her. He was also sure by looking at the pictures of the scene, that she had not been murdered. He had stayed for the autopsy slicing as Jack couldn't and three people were currently mandatory to be compliant with FBI protocol. Something about an incident last month that had led to an important court case nearly being thrown out.

It had just finished with all samples taken when Hannibal had come in to the lab with lunch. Jack had followed in with a nose for food and was happily chatting, like he actually could get along with the man. Will had backed out of the door when everyone was gathering around and spent the rest of the hour hiding in the rest room until he physically had to be at a class. Not even the closest restroom either, one that was four hallways away.

He didn't feel bad about hiding either, though his growling stomach did protest against not eating lunch. Will forgot to eat lunch on nearly a daily basis, but today he'd been running since he'd gotten up. Jack had called him at 6 am and he'd arrived just before 7, it had been a long day already.

Just another thing that Will could blame Jack for. He really needs to try and get away from Jack before the man is calling him every morning to look at a fresh body. Oh well, a thought for another day. Or that night, given Will track record.

He had very strange nightmares that night, involving Jack's loud, booming voice and Hannibal's leering eyes. Someone had ended up dead, but in the end Will wasn't so sure Hannibal had been the one to kill.

The second time Hannibal had apparently stopped by to talk to Alana, except that Alana was once again trying to make sure Will ate lunch. She'd been in his office and Hannibal had practically followed the scent there. The plan had clearly been that they all ate together, which had been suggested by Hannibal. He had knocked on the door even though Alana had known he would be coming and Will took his opportunity when she turned to let him in. His office was on the second floor, so the window hadn't been an option, but there is a door that lead into his classroom.

It feels a bit like a circle when Will fast and quietly, makes his way into his classroom. The lights aren't even on, and he doesn't bother to turn them on as he breezes past. Out into the hallway, he can hear Alana's confused voice to where he has gone and quickly makes his way to the cafeteria. He never eats there. The food is mediocre at best, even if he technically gets lunch for free as he is a teacher in the building.

What's weirder is that he swears he can still feel Hannibal's eyes on him, even though the other man was too polite to abandon Alana. At least, that was the immediate impression that he gave off. In his experience, someone in a fancy suit isn't going to immediately run after someone but act with more grace. Though to be fair, Will is also aware at this point that Hannibal is one of a kind.

He gets a brown and chunky bowl of watery soup and a roll. The man that scoops it for him in a former student that was in his class about 6 years prior. Will would think that it's kind of sad he ended up a lunch lady (laddy?) except for the FBI had great benefits and that position would probably have less death involved in it. Maybe Will himself is in the wrong position.

It's thankfully at the tail end of lunch time, just about 2 pm, so Will at the very least doesn't have trouble finding a table to eat at. There are only 3 other people still milling about. His former student, whom Will finally recalled is named Aaron comes and sits with him. They both eat in somewhat silence. The meal is kind of nice by Will's books. The soup was sweet potato, rice and tiny bits of steak. It's something he can't say he's had before but honestly wouldn't mind again. The roll is rock hard and he only takes one bite of it.

The quiet stretches pleasantly between the two of them and Will takes several glances at the other man. He's young, and very attractive. It a really shame that Will just isn't into that. Not that Will would ever be interested in a former student, it was just that Will is sure that Hannibal can smell that Will is attracted to him. It's probably why the man is stalking him.

Just as he thinks of leaving, Will looks over towards the door and sees Hannibal himself standing by it. He looks upset. The stalking is growing to much for Will; he has seen the man twice in three days where he knows he should not. Will looks back to Aaron and pretends he didn't see Hannibal. "Lunch was good Aaron, and thank you for sitting with me."

His former student look elated to receive the compliments. The grin does make him look quite handsome too, though Will would never show interest in someone he once taught. "If you come back next Tuesday we are doing biscuits, gravy and pieces of fried chicken." Aaron very kindly offers to him.

Behind him where Will knows Hannibal is standing there is a smashing sound. He doesn't turn away from Aaron to look at what it is though, he wants Hannibal to feel punished with this moment. Will isn't just alone and ready for only Hannibal to rescue him; if he wanted to, he could interact with others. Will can technically do anything he wants, he just usually prefers to stay in his own little comfortable bubble. But that's not what this game that has started between him and Hannibal is.

Will smiles at Aaron for lack of anything else to say, and when he finally gets up to leave Hannibal is no where to be seen. Today feels like a success and he can't even really put a finger on why. Will has hopes that he won't see Hannibal again at his work.

On his way out of the cafeteria he sees a group of his current students, and lets them talk to him all the way back to the classroom. They're shooting wild theories on the Chesapeake Ripper again, just like students have for literal years now. The latest theory is that the man that got mauled by a bear in the woods two days after the last confirmed Ripper murder had been the serial killer. He could have been feeding the bears whatever organ trophy he'd taken that time and the bear decided it wasn't enough. It was two years ago and would explain the abrupt stop.

Will doesn't say that's ridiculous or that the poor man already died horribly enough that they should just suspect him for such a thing. He thinks that Hannibal would get a kick out of it, or (more likely) he'd like that Will thought it amusing. He does tell his students that if any theory starts with befriending a bear, they should probably just scrap it.

Hannibal doesn't last long away from him and Will's irritation with the subject only grows. He hadn't seen him on Wednesday as he didn't regularly come in on that day unless students had requested extra time with him. No one had this week, so he'd spent the day throwing sticks for his dogs and mass making their food for the next week. A good and peaceful day off in Will Graham's book.

When opening up his office first thing Thursday morning there's a loaf of bread on his desk. One that's been shaped into a heart and is prettily packaged. The note reads; 'A sample of better things. Please call me.' And has Hannibal Lecter's business card stapled to the packaging.

Will doesn't know how or when Hannibal got into his office while it was locked but feels very irritated about it. What's worse if the bread is a deep brown with seeds and honey baked into it. Every damn bite of the thing is delicious. Of course it was. Will did what Will was good at, he ate the damn food put in front of him and put Hannibal out of his mind while reading up about a 1996 cold case he'd just been contacted about.

Friday evening had Will leaving the office around 630 pm. It was just starting to get dark and was cold enough that he could see his breath. Which was a shame because he hadn't thought ahead that morning and was only wearing a sweater. The extra dog fur still clinging to it did

nothing to provide extra warmth. What's worse was that Hannibal fucking Lecter was standing and just waiting directly besides Will's car. And today things are different then all those other days, because he had spent to long hunched over his desk reading through a 500 paged case file.

His bad shoulder hurts like a bugger. He doesn't want to flirt or play around today. He wants to go home and kiss his puppies. He wants to have a hot bath and something stronger then advil. He'll need to sleep upstairs tonight on his actual bed to not jar it more. He hates that it still bothers him even though it's been years. He's been told it will most likely never stop. Gun shot wounds are a bitch.

He ignores Hannibal's wave and smile. He goes to the passenger side door unlocks it, and then crawls through angrily to the drives side. Hannibal is no longer smiling clearly, but as tries to open the drivers side door. It's still locked because Will only undid the one lock and it's an older car. Nothing is electronic in it. Will starts the car and ignores Hannibal tapping on the window. He drives away in pain and upset.

Will doesn't do well with being upset and he's pretty sure he started crying the moment he crawled through his own car from the awkward movement. Hannibal probably saw too. It's embarrassing and Will hates the weakness of it. He hates a lot of things. Like the fact that he has to drive half the speed limit the whole way home because he continues to cry and the road is slightly blurry from pain.

He hates that Hannibal had been holding a picnic basket.

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

Author's Note: And in this chapter we see Will give in bit by bit until Hannibal somehow has the win. +one love letter

On Saturday Will is feels much better, even just after waking up. His shoulder had smoothed out on his comfortably firm mattress overnight, with the help of a couple of pills. He'd wanted a glass of whisky after his embarrassment of an escape from Hannibal, but had refrained. He knew better then to mix drugs and alcohol, and had certainly seen what happened to people in after effects one to many times. Plus in his mid-thirty's waking up and going to work with a hangover might sound like the worst thing possible.

There's something about being a teacher who works on Saturday's most weeks that depressing. Or it would be if Will didn't work all days of the week until whatever he had fixated on was finished. All to often a cold case could consume Will for weeks at a time, only to fall back in the end. Most cases that got to being cold were that way for a reason. Lack of evidence, lack of suspect or even lack of investigation and interest.

Speaking of lack of evidence, Will still couldn't see how no one else had realized that Hannibal was stalking him. It's insulting at this point. Hannibal shouldn't even have clearance to constantly be in the building like he is. Though the fact the no one is checking is probably a testament to people wanting to avoid pissing Jack off. The man liked to get right in someone's face when things were disagreeable.

As if to prove exactly what Will had been thinking about, there is an envelope taped to his door when he gets to work. It's clearly from Hannibal. It's also infuriatingly unmissable, as it's a bright and vibrant red color. Will rips it off the door as he walks in and pretends he doesn't here several people milling about the hallway laugh about it. They had probably been hanging around just to see him come in and get embarrassed. Bunch of assholes.

Will reads it the second he's in private because he can't stop himself and he still feels very rude after the last encounter. What if he is overreacting and Hannibal has been trying to make friends for a different reason? What if the picnic basket had been an act of truce and giving into Will not wanting to go to his house? What if that worried and confused look Hannibal had wore when he saw Will's tears was something other then devotion?

'Dear Sweet William,

I'm afraid I must apologize for trying to corner you in the parking lot. I have been told that my behavior was quite inappropriate, but I feel as though I am losing my mind. To quote Dante; Beauty awakens the soul to act. Once faced with you I could think of no other. The things I've heard of your mind only draw me farther in.

I have never seen a more beautiful sight then your tears. It makes me think of being but a young boy and going to a fine art museum for the first time. I will forever treasure the memory, and hope that we will have many similar and greater experiences over the years to treasure.

Please consider calling me, as I long to hear your voice. I have attached another business card, least the last one did not make it to you.

Yours,
Dr. Hannibal Lecter.

It was handwritten on a thick stock card and had a little doodle of a telephone in the bottom right corner. A heart in the top left. Like all Hannibal could possibly think about was Will calling him. Will wanted to crumple the card up and throw it away, but this was the nicest thing he'd ever received. Hannibal had fucking written him a love letter. Who does that?

He wanted to burn it. He wanted to keep it. Will is never going to call Hannibal Lecter. That man getting a hold of his phone number will be a travesty he's not yet willing to live through. He still pockets the note, and gets to work for the day. He does however, throw away the envelope.

Life continues on that day, just like Will had already suspected it would. People come in and talk to him all morning while he's trying to work on his case. He touches the love letter Hannibal wrote him without thinking about it a lot. He doesn't really know what he'll do with it when he gets home, but is also thinking about the small extra picture frame he has in his junk drawer. He doesn't even know why he has it, but knows it's there.

Hannibal brings lunch again, and while Will doesn't run away, he also doesn't say anything. Hannibal knocks on his door and opens it to Will grading an essay for his class. He switched over to that an hour before hand when getting nowhere with his thoughts. Hannibal brings him a sandwich and a salad, and Will pretends to be lost in his own head. He lets Hannibal look at the note that just peaks out of Will's shirt pocket and then he lets the man pet him on the head. Twice.

Hannibal invades his space for a total of 16 minutes, smiling softly the entire time. He picks a pen off the floor and sanitizes it before set it back in Will's pen cup. He smoothed out the collar of Will's shirt and then leans in to smell him. He adjusts the lamp on Will's desk to give him slightly better lighting if he ever turned the thing on. Will let's him do all these things while focusing on the actually acceptable paper in front of him. It's weird to both ignore and indulge Hannibal in this way, but the love letter was so unsettlingly nice that Will wants to give him this.

Hannibal leaves silently with a smile on his face, after making sure all food is directly beside where Will is working. Open, so he could smell it. Will sighs when he finally leaves and eats the food. It might be the best sandwich he has ever eaten, and even the salad is delicious. There is something fatty about the dressing but also sweet. Will wishes he had the willpower to throw it away.

He eats it fast, leaving no trace behind. Later that night he licks the Tupperware that Hannibal left him with in bed, closing his eyes and imagining it's where Hannibal's fingers touched. Obviously, Will feels like he's losing his mind. The love letter sits in a frame by his bed. He can't help but think that if Hannibal ups his game and breaks into his house, he'll see it.

Hannibal brings lunch again the next week, probably because he thinks that he can get away with it. Will speaks to his regular Tuesday class until 1230, letting them all go for an earlier lunch. He usually goes until one, so literally everyone skips out of the room. He was invited back to the cafeteria lunch today, but knows at this time it'll be far too busy for him. Instead, he leaves the building intent on spending an hour in a cafe nearby. He has finally finished his cold case reading and needs to start writing a list of possible leads/people they need to contact or talk with.

There's a police detective at the local site department that is lead on the case, but Will is over seeing as FBI. Though the case is 20 years old at this point, Will thinks it solvable. Especially because they've recently believed to have found the murder weapon. A 26 year old woman was murdered while home alone and the house was renovated all these years later to find a crowbar wedged into the metal chimney pipe. Will believed the attacker killed her and then climbed up onto the roof to stick it down. Very strange. There's a chance they did the same with their clothes that had blood spatter and the glove Will believed they would have wore.

Will can see the entire thing happen when he closes his eyes and it's pretty simple to him why it never got solved in the first place, other than the extremely weird placement of the weapon. The murder is a woman. The police department in the 90's seem to other look that that was even possible since there was evidence they climbed the roof and even entered the building from the second story bedroom window. Sexism at its finest. That's exactly what Will loves about cold cases; all it takes is one dumb oversight to lead a case into all dead ends. And he's really good at finding those.

He figures they are just a month away from being able to solve this cold case, and with that get justice for the remaining family. Though all he has left to do himself is write his paper on the profile, his lists of suspects and possible witnesses, and probably an academic paper on sexism relating to murderers. His students would probably benefit on reading that as well. Those will be passed on the actual police detective working the case so they can do the field work while Will watches from the very distant background. That's honestly the best thing about being a profiler.

Will practically skips to his car, excited that he made a difference with this cold case. It's not every day that he gets to be so helpful in them. Though, he has been the direct reason they got solved an astonishing 4 times in his 10 year career. That's a lot for cold cases. This will actually make five, provided the female suspect is easily caught at this point. He sees

Hannibal getting out of his own car, carrying three different lunch bags. It would be polite to wander off and help the man.

Will doesn't feel like being polite, as Hannibal has been stalking him for over a week now. And sure, Will has eaten better in the past week than he has for years, and possibly focused on his files better because of it; Will doesn't appreciate the pushiness of it. So he doesn't go over and ask to help. He waves and smiles at Hannibal before getting in his own car, that just two spots down. And then he drives away, leaving the other man pouting by himself in the parking lot, just watching him leave.

The moment makes Will feel high with adrenaline. He likes disappointing Hannibal so much.

The cafe food is literal shit compared to what Hannibal had been bringing him, but he smiles the entire time. He eats a bowl of chili and drinks a Pepsi with it. The waitress is older and kind, stopping by each of her 6 tables multiple times. She doesn't mind that he spreads his work out all over his booth and when his pop is gone, she refills it right away. When she suggests a slice of cherry pie for dessert he agrees. When he packs up his stuff to go she packs him an extra brownie for later free of charge, saying that he reminded her of her son and he doesn't visit enough. Will lies and says maybe he should call his own momma tonight, just to say he misses her. He tips her well, hoping that the reason that she's still working at her age isn't because she can't afford not to.

Empathy can be draining. At least when Will returns to the building, he doesn't have enough time to do anything else but walk into his next class and start teaching. It gives him the opportunity to nod at Hannibal who is waiting by the classroom door with the smallest lunch bag he'd brought in. He'd apparently waited for Will to come back like a lost puppy for over an hour.

Hannibal smiles with hope for a single moment, but watches as Will walks passed him and starts talking towards the class. He doesn't stop talking until just after 4pm, finally letting everyone go. Hannibal makes his way into the classroom, still clutching the lunchbox. Will actually feels bad that he left him waiting all that time, but also has the feeling that he was listening and hanging on every word of Will's lecture.

"I brought lunch, but it will keep until tomorrow if you wish to tuck it away in your office." Hannibal offers eyes twinkling at having the opportunity to talk to Will again. This would be prime opportunity to give Hannibal back his Tupperware from last time, but it was currently still sitting next to Will's bed. And probably stickier than it had been when full of food. Oops.

Will gives in, because that's what Will and his overactive empathy always does. And he doesn't want to tell Hannibal he's never getting the last container back. "Thank you Hannibal, that's very kind."

"I would like to take this opportunity to invite you to dinner tonight. I could give you my address and a time or you could simply come with me and watch me cook." Hannibal invites, smiling happily. Will tried not to think that he hadn't said anything to the man for nearly a week now, even while seeing him around.

Will blinks twice at the fact that Hannibal is giving him another invention. Does this man not understand that Will is avoiding him? Did he not notice the other night when Will went through the other side of his car to not be beside him?! Will licks his lips and knows that Hannibal watches the small movement.

"Sorry, today's not a good time. I've got a couple of papers that still need to be written." Will can't go with him, at least not today. Everyday he sees this man it's harder to resist the pull between them, but Will isn't ready yet.

"Yes, Alana has said you've been confined in a cold case for a month now. Is sparing time to eat really so bad when they've already waited so long?"

"..." Will barely even knows what to say to that. Hannibal is desperate for him and his attention. The stalking has been more fun than annoying, but this is what he loves. The entire reason he started working for the FBI. "That's rather rude Dr. Lecter."

The man flinches and looks sad by Will's words. He put the lunch bag down on the edge of Will's desk and looks at the floor. The picture of defeat.

"Listen Dr. Lecter, I have your number. You don't have to keep coming I'm sure you are very busy."

"You haven't called." Hannibal replied fast, voice trembling like he's truly upset. It makes Will's insides clench.

Will has to take a deep breath and look up toward the ceiling to even focus. "You wrote me a love letter Hannibal, I was a bit freaked out."

"I scared you and didn't mean too. I just wanted you to know that I would never harm you." The words Hannibal chooses to use are weird, and Will takes note of them.

"I..." He wanted to say he hadn't been scared but that just doesn't seem right. "I could have handled it better." Will ends up offering.

"If I come back on Thursday, with lunch and another invitation will you say yes?" Hannibal asks sound hopeful. Will shakes his head no to shoot him down. He doesn't know Hannibal enough to go to his house. He has theories and suspicions about him too, and they are nothing good.

Will bites the inside of his cheek and then pulls out a small notepad. He writes his cell phone number on it. He gives it to Hannibal. "So you have a cellphone? The card had a work number and the number on the back I assumed was a home number."

Hannibal practically glows to receive the number. "No I don't, but I shall go and get one if you prefer a text response. Though I have to say that it will be regrettable not hearing your voice."

Of course he would say that. Will regrets giving him the number already. It still makes him smile.

Later that night he receives his first texts from Hannibal. It's a winky face, which is actually hilarious being that it came from Hannibal. Will can only hope the man didn't give the sales rep a hard time with learning how to send a text.

'I find myself looking at the stars tonight and thinking only of you. Have a good night sweet William.'

Will looks at the text for far too long, but ultimately texts a good night back.

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

Author's Note: I hope every one enjoyed reading this one! I had a lot of fun with it over the past couple of weeks :) I could write a sequel down the road, if people really like it?

After Will had given Hannibal his phone number, he gets text after text from the man. Thoughtful words, poem and love sonnets. It's both thrilling and disgusting. He looks forward to them every time he picks up the phone. Will answers a few times, but for the most time just remains silent.

One hand written love letter appears by mail, thought Will certain never gave Hannibal his address. It's distracting in it's sweet words, but also makes Will boil with anger. Though if he'd have to guess, that was entirely the point. Unless Hannibal actually thought that Will would except his invitation via love letter.

Dear Sweet William,

I spend every moment thinking of you. In your eyes, I could be lost to a mesmerizing forever. The forms of communication we take are not enough for me and yet I salivate for the next passing message you send.

I am hosting a dinner party in two weeks time, Thursday at 7pm. I hope to see you there as my muse and reason for breathing. We shall dine on the finest spring lamb and rudest of pigs. Nothing shall be vegetarian, as I can only hope you will crave more of my meat.

Please send reply through post, text, phone call or word of mouth. However you wish to speak, I shall be there to hear it. For your lips are those of my deity. Both divine and sacred; it is all I can do to wait until the time I'm able to worship accordingly.

Though I fear if I taste your lips, I shall never go back to what I was before. Sweet Will, you will consume me just as I pray to consume you.

Forever Yours,
Dr. Hannibal Lecter.

It was infuriating that he loved the swirls of Hannibal handwriting. And that the next day he stopped by an art store to pick up another small frame to put the invitation in. Two is the start

of a collection and a collection from a stalker is a problem. Will can't make himself to throw it away.

It had been a week now, since they'd established this real form of communication. Hannibal had brought lunch twice more, and Will had a great time avoiding him. Ducking back into the bathroom that had worked before and staying there once again. He texted a winking face to the man, hoping that it would annoy Hannibal. He got a heart in return.

That night he wrote his own letter to Hannibal, just to answer the invitation that he stared at every night before bed.

Dr. Lecter,

No.

Will Graham, FBI.

The second time Hannibal brought lunch that week, Will had actually just came out of the washroom and was drying his hand on his pants. Hannibal had come up to him with a lunch bag and a smile. Will smiles back and silently followed the man back to his office. He knew when to accept defeat. He also knew that he same day mailed the letter to Hannibal the day before. So at the very least he won't be asked what his answer was.

It at least let's Will relax and focus on lunch a bit more. Hannibal had made the fanciest chicken salad sandwiches for them to eat that Will had ever seen. Though when eating them Will thought it tasted much closer to pork? It was very strange. His mind goes back to the last love letter and the several slight references to cannibalism.

"Hannibal, did you say this was chicken?" Will licked his lips, trying to make conversation. Hannibal tensed for a moment and looked directly into Will's eyes. There was something dark lurking just below the surface. Ready to strike out at any time. Will is fascinated. He wants it.

"It is." Hannibal lies. And Will see that he lies. Which is very strange. Or maybe it isn't, given the very odd long game that Hannibal has chosen to play with his life.

"It tastes nothing like chicken." Will snorts, disappointed that Hannibal thinks him so stupid.

"You haven't complained before." Hannibal shoots back, licking his lips and staring greedily into Will's eyes.

"I'm not complaining, I just want to know why you are calling this chicken when it's clearly not." Will wants to back the man into a corner, just to see what he will do. Will the caged lion bite, or purr for him?

Hannibal sits up straight and then out of character slumps. He clearly doesn't know what to say and now Will's mind is trying to come up with why it's like that. Hannibal was feeding

him something strange then. It tasted more like pork than chicken. Though still nothing like he'd ever eaten before, besides that of Hannibal cooking. This was ...?

If Will was being honest with himself, he'd known for a while. He'd just wanted to be wrong.

"Hannibal you haven't been bring something from a crime onto FBI property have you?"

"It's just an exotic bird. I didn't want to say because it's hard to explain why I prefer it." Hannibal answers. Will can still tell he is lying. There's always something off with the man he's drawn to. Hannibal seems to be no exception.

This man has stalked him from the moment they met. He writes Will poetry and composes love letters. He clearly like both eating with other people and cooking for them. He has no fear with traversing into the FBI home turf. Hannibal can be and is dangerous. Just not to Will.

"Okay, sorry was just making a joke." Will mumbles, his face heating up. He takes a big bite of the sandwich and that physically calms Hannibal's agitated nerves. "It's just tasty."

"You like it more?" Hannibal asks, sounding a bit breathless. Will takes another bite and smiles at Hannibal, he knows that something is very wrong now. The only thing is he isn't sure he cares. Hannibal had been good to him, even with the rapid acts of stalking.

"You know your cooking is delicious, stop fishing for compliments." He answers with a snort. Hannibal's eyes narrow slightly, but he also doesn't seem to mind being called out. It's not the most rude thing Will had said or done to him after all.

It's nice to eat calmly with Hannibal after avoiding him for so long, even though Will is really enjoying the stalking game. Even as the man packs up all the mess to take back with him Will sees him smiling. He's humming lowly a tune that Will doesn't recognize. What's more is that Will realizes that he's also smiling. That he probably hasn't stopped since Hannibal gave him his lunch.

Will stands abruptly, teeth clenching. "Doctor Lecter, we have to stop this game."

Hannibal stops his tidying and focuses directly on Will. The moment is tense. And then Hannibal smiles again, eyes twinkling. "No, my dear." He says teasingly. "I'll see you tomorrow."

With that Hannibal has apparently considered their talk successful and concluded. He swings the strap of the over large lunch bag over his shoulder and makes his way to the door.

"I don't work tomorrow!" Will calls out, and Hannibal paused and looks back at him. His nose twitches.

"It's Tuesday tomorrow love, Wednesday's are your days off." Hannibal corrects him him with a side eye. "I have a recipe for a poached pear that I believe you will love, please look forward to it." And then he just leaves, like he didn't call out Will's lie.

Will bites his cheek after being called out and tries not to think about how proud Hannibal was to know his schedule. He thinks about what he is going to do tomorrow to not be there for lunch with Hannibal and his stupid poached pear. It at the very least makes him google what a poached pear is and keeps his mind busily focused the entire day. If he hums and smiles more than he usually does, no one complains.

It's only 6 pm when Will is all packed up and ready to go home for the day. He has finished all the paperwork necessary for his cold case and sent it off. He still needs to work on the sexism report for publishing after the cold case has been solved, but he can easily do that over the next week. It's going to be a long paper anyways, as he wants to put his best into the sore subject. The woman who had to wait nearly twenty years to have her case solved deserves his best after all.

It's a cold dark night, even just after 6 pm thanks to it now being December. He sent Hannibal a text without a second thought while walking to his car.

'It's dark and creep out here tonight, makes me think of you.'

Hannibal answers almost immediately, which makes Will giggle. 'You wound me Darling, but I shall bleed at the chance of having your mind focused on me.'

Will licks his lips as he pictures Hannibal bleeding for him. Of trailing over the man's skin with a knife, watching as blood wells up so he can lick it off. It's a pleasant thought. One that keeps Will occupied as he drive off into the night.

It's weird to think of himself as being happy, but he is. That stalker psychiatrist has made him happy. Maybe in the next week or so he'll let Hannibal take him out for a meal. Fuck, maybe he'll just walk up to him tomorrow and kiss Hannibal like he's been secretly thinking about for weeks now.

Hannibal seems like the type of man that would keep him up all night given the chance too. Will can barely wait.

He still draws the line at a dinner party though, fuck that.

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